Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſervice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh us ſir upon your ſhore,
and give you gold for ſuch proviſion as our intents will neede.
Lyſ. Sir with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I have another ſleight.
Per. You ſhall prevaile, were it to wooë my daughter, for
it ſeemes you have beene noble towards her.
Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.
Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone give me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeve meë:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What Pageantry, what pheates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thrived,
That he is promiſed to be wived
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankefull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy juſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faine *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought forth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weare
ſilver livery; ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſtarres
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortune
the maid aboord to us whereby her owne moſt cleare
brance, ſhe made knowne herſelfe my daughter.
Th. Voyce and favour, you are, you are O royall *P*
Pe. What meanes the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe G
Cer. Sir if you have told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is
Per. Reverend appéarer, no, I threw her over-bo
theſe very armes.
Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.
Per. Tis moſt certaine.
Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but over joyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was thrown
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich jewels
her, and placed her here in *Dianaes* Temple.
Per. May we ſee them?
Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my
ther I invite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recovered.
Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my
to my ſence bend no licencious eare, but curb it ſpig
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpe
you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and
Per. The voyce of dead *Thaiſa*.
Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drow
Per. Immortall *Dian*!
Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with
Pentapolis, the King my Father gave you ſuch a ri
Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your pre
makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall doe w
touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be ſ
be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.
Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my moth
Per. Looke who kneeles here, fleſh of thy fle
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe wa
Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.